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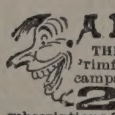
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. TUESDAY APRIL 11, 1912. NUMBER 6.

The senior editor takes this occasion to thank his colleagues who have kept the pages of UNITY full and bright during his absence. He would like to make particular mention of J. N.'s resourceful and suggestive notes. He is now doing business at the Old Stand, refreshed and renewed by an itinerary that it is to be hoped will fertilize the editorial brain and illuminate, in one way or another, the editorial columns of UNITY. With Easter greetings, hopes, and purposes, I am

Ever fraternally yours,
Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

The Chicago Medical Society is not only doing what all medical societies have been trying to do always and everywhere,—advance their own members in knowledge, skill and fraternal spirit, but it is doing systematic, aggressive work among the laity. The program for April is before us. Under its auspices, one Symposium is to discuss the Social Evil with Professor C. R. Henderson in the chair; another Symposium on Social Service. Various phases of each of these topics are to be discussed by experts not necessarily medical. This society has also a committee on "Public Relations" and is ready on proper provocation to "enter politics." Let other medical societies go and do likewise.

The article which is printed in another column under the title of "The Citizen and the Soldier," by J. N. Larned, is a passage from an address given by Mr. Larned to one of the militia regiments of the State of New York. The use of such an occasion to emphasize the patriotic obligations and the high human considerations relating alike to every citizen of the republic, whether soldier-citizen or other, reminds us of the similarly high use made by Phillips Brooks of the occasion of his sermon many years ago to the ancient and honorable Artillery Company of Boston. Mr. Larned is known to most of our readers chiefly through his long service at the head of the Buffalo Public Library and his learned and useful books; but it is worth noting that he was the first president of the new Buffalo Peace Society, and is still earnest and active in its interests.

Dr. G. Frank Lydston, of Chicago, in his "Sex Hygiene for the Male and What to Say to the Boy," (The Riverton Press, Chicago,) has accomplished a difficult, but very important task. He has succeeded in putting in plain and dignified language the main facts relating to the social purity and general health and virility of the boy. Dr. Lydston has avoided the mistake too often committed by would-be teachers on this subject of trying to teach by parable or to sentimentalize in poetic and indirect phrases. The plain, scientific facts, clearly stated concerning these subjects is alone the effective and dignified way. Dr. Lydston has stated in unmistakable terms the insidious character of the alcoholic and tobacco vices and their relation to the sadder debaucheries to which they prove introductory. Over and over in the book he reminds the young man that alcohol is an unmitigated poison as is tobacco, and that the only sane and safe position for the youth is *to let them alone.* The suggestions concerning gymnastics, warning against the overstrain of the football field, "the records of which put the prize-ring to blush," are very timely. The questions of diet, care of the eyes, ears, teeth, etc., are also briefly and sanely discussed. He says to the ambitious college youth, "Over-straining, tobacco, liquor, late hours and sexual irregularities are the toboggan slide down which many great champions have slid to obscurity." He also tells the youth that "marriage is the foundation stone of society . . . . Every youth has the ideal girl in mind." And he condemns the young men who aspires to such while their own standards have rendered them

> "not fit to associate with a decent, self-respecting girl much less to marry her. The protection of our girls lies in the hands of our boys. Theorize as we may, the fact remains that the habits, morals and health of woman revolve around the sex conditions of the male. The education of youth in sex matters is the best form of insurance for the family."

The doctor has most effectively pricked the mischievous bubble of "wild oats" as essentially a harmless manifestation of youthful energy. In less than six pages entitled "The Lie of the Wild Oats," he presents twelve pictures that appeal to the youth with gruesome, effective, because truthful, eloquence. With the permission of the author we print in another column this chapter, thus doing all we can toward realizing the prayer that these pages might be put into the hands of every student of high school, college and University throughout our land.

As we go to press the Illinois Primaries are being held. The mail is burdened with campaign documents, the streets are alive with vote hunters, and the newspapers flamboyant with campaign oratory. Perhaps no state in the Union is politically more incoherent, discordant and humiliatingly devastated with partisanship than Illinois. The "Bosses" have been so long organizing themselves and they have been backed by so much venial capital and base political ambitions that the honest people, who unquestionably are in the majority in the state of Illinois, even in the city of Chicago, are so befuddled, bewildered if not bewitched, that it is doubtful whether they can express themselves at the polls in any effective manner. Lorimer with his entire brood of ill-omened politicians is, sad to confess, still a power at the polls in Illinois. While hoping for a triumphant vindication of the better element at the polls, we will not be surprised nor cast down if there are still further humiliations in store for the citizens of Illinois, where legislation for the most part is in the interests of party politics. Even the primary law, prophetic as it is, still in the state of Illinois, protects so far as possible the invidious, insidious and absolutely unreal distinctions of party lines. The present writer is typical of thousands who are practically disfranchised at the primary meeting. He can honestly claim no party affiliations and must guard the rights of petition which belong to an independent, and which he must vacate if he is to receive a party ballot at the primary. Much lurid rhetoric is hurled at the heads of those who do not attend primaries; but until the primary permits of free primary action, the complaint will stand. When, as in San Francisco, the voter will be allowed to select his candidate irrespective of party lines at the primary as at the secondary election, and where a clear majority elects for good and eliminates that office out of the secondary election, then, the higher independency so much needed in American politics will have a chance to express itself and that evil goblin of party loyalty, where there are no principles involved, will be banished. But through the courtesy of Judge Owens, the head of the Electoral Board of Chicago, the writer can cast one ballot in good conscience, and that the Inferential ballot permitted on the suffrage question. So for the first time in many years the writer will go to a "Primary" and vote "yes" on the accessory ballot the result of which will be watched with interest and will be known to the world before UNITY reaches its readers.

The Coming Nation in a recent number tells a gruesome story of how the churches of Muscatine, Iowa, have deliberately entered into the problem of the strike at that city by becoming "scab workers" in the button factory, to take the place of the striking women and children in this humble and uninspiring industry. The button industry of Muscatine is a bi-product of the pearl hunting mania along the Mississippi River. The fishers find but few pearls but many clams and so shrewd capitalists have taken advantage of the clam shells in establishing successful button factories. Much of the success in this business lies in the sharp manipulation of labor. Most of the work is done by the piece. The root of the strikers' complaint is found in the fact that in the counting, only perfect "blanks" are counted, while the imperfect blanks take as much time and care as the perfect ones, the imperfections springing from the defects in the shell rather than from the fault of the operator. The lowest industry, estimated by its earning capacity, in this button factory is that which sews the finished product on to cards. This was done by aged women and young children in their homes. This tiresome work is rewarded at the rate of one and a quarter cents per gross, and by diligent activity extending into the night, an old lady or a child can earn from eighty cents to $1.25 a week. Of course only the most dependent and inefficient undertake the work, but the church women, working under the familiar but in this case and perhaps often, ironic name, of "Ladies' Aid Societies," saw their opportunity to earn a few "honest pennies" to help Christianize the pagans in foreign parts, so they entered the strike as "scab workers." This report says: "One enterprising Church gathered almost its entire membership, sewed evenings and added the few pennies thus gathered to the fund for the raising of the mortgage upon the church." This paper carries the pictures of three churches and an orphan asylum that are engaged in this pitiable industry, for which we are told the New Jersey factories pay five cents a gross instead of one and a quarter cents paid by the successful clam button factories in the more open Iowa city where the necessities of life are claimed to be cheaper. We are too remote from the scene of this gruesome and pathetic strike in a petty industry to discuss the same, but we are not too remote to lament over the petty use of simple devotion, the insignificant appropriation of consecrated purposes. We are afraid that these Iowa churches are typical and that too much "Christian" energy is wasted in sewing blank buttons on cards, regardless of the economic and humanitarian complications involved. It would seem as if religious organizations might be engaged in better business,

than entering into the competitive field where the aged, the defective and little children striving to earn their daily crusts, are their competitors.

In the "Editorial Wanderings" published in last issue of UNITY, one occasion spoken of by the editor was the little missionary fellowship which by happy coincidence he stumbled into at Jacksonville, Florida. The president of the American Unitarian Association accompanied by the Rev. Thomas Van Ness, of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston, completed a missionary scout into the South with this conference and little social reunion with the few workers who stayed "on the job" the year round. Among these local workers came the Rev. Francis M. McHale. Some of our readers will recognize this name as one who has had a successful pastorate as a minister in the "Christian Connection" in Wisconsin and elsewhere. He is a man acquainted with the common people, believes in them and knows how to reach them. He is a minister who realizes that the Gospel of the good life and the open mind is not dependent upon church buildings, church committees and church salaries, so he finds his parish in the unsurveyed and unorganized, sparsely settled places of northern Florida and south-eastern Georgia, where in unclerical garb, he wanders up and down the country that in unclerical phrases he may encourage better living, progressive ideas and the higher co-operation between neighbor and neighbor. At the request of the editor of UNITY, this missionary brother has put some of his needs on paper for the benefit of our readers. We hope that the printing of the same will prove an extension of his missionary work. Here as elsewhere the Gospel truth "that it is better to give than to receive" is the harmonic accompaniment of every gospel song ever sung. We can assure our readers that everything is grist that is carried to the mill of Brother McHale. The need is profound, the field is vast and the diligence of Mr. McHale and his good wife is persistent. UNITY will reach many homes this week in which there is a superfluity of toys, picture-books, magazines and books that are a burden to the housekeeping, a menace to the intellectual life of the young and an irritation to the little ones because books and toys unused and unappreciated are foes of the mind just as the overladen table, with its undigested and under the circumstances, indigestable viands are foes of the stomach. Why not take advantage of this opportunity, why should not housekeepers singly or in groups, ladies' aid societies, women's alliances, philanthropic committees, of innumerable names and affiliations, do something in this line that is worth while. Pack your boxes and barrels deliberately, kindly and wisely, not with the selfish carelessness by which you dump your rubbish into a garbage can, mark the same carefully to Francis M. McHale, Greensboro, Florida, send the same by freight and provide for the payment of the same which will not be very burdensome, and see what comes of it. If the first sowing does not bring forth evidence of fruitage, you need not send a second package. Try it! Now read:

Greensboro, Fla., March 14, 1912.

My dear Mr. Jones:

I arrived home last evening from the reception or love feast in Jacksonville, and it took nearly all night to tell my family about it.

Before you left you asked me to write and tell you what I needed in my work here.

The main thing is the staff of mental life—literature. In my libraries I place books, fiction, history, social writings, and religion. For distribution such things as magazines and periodicals; for children, nursey rhymes, toys, etc. By the aid of these I can help both young and old. I have also made a judicious use of second-hand clothing at such times as fires and cyclones. My salary is too small to enable me to buy books for my individual reading. I have quite a library, but my interest is centered on the salvation of the race through the social uplift. By encouraging people to improve their lives through improved methods of agriculture, domestic science, and the laws of plain, simple living, such as food, ventilation and temperance, we have raised the standard of life and started man on the upward way. Spiritual religion can have very little effect on a man with a body diseased by bad living and unsanitary surroundings. So I study the ways and means to make life better for today.

Thanking you for the words you spoke and the vibrations of genuine love that you give out,, I am truly yours,

FRANCIS M. M'HALE.

"Our Daily Bridge"

It is refreshing to find in the editorial columns of so busy, so secular, so non-ecclesiastical, and so representative a journal as the *Chicago Daily Tribune* the following sane article on the more than silly, wicked devastating card habit of a certain class of favored American women. This debauchery is saved from ridicule and contempt only by the elegance of the costumes, the sumptuousness of the interiors and the automobiles that carry the poor victims to and from the halls of idleness which are the *gambling dens* of unemployed women. These "dens" escape the police regulations because they are found on the avenues and boulevards in the select residential sections of our city. There is need for plain speech on this matter and we are glad that the *Tribune* has spoken out and hasten to make room for the timely word in our own editorial column.

"Give us this day our daily bridge" might be the prayer of too many American women who could find something better to pray for and to do.

The bridge habit—for money, of course—has become so prevalent that it deserves to be handled without gloves. Among our only leisure class—namely: that of the women whose means raise them above the necessity of housework or self-support—the bridge game has become one of the

most important of daily functions. Very few duties, probably no pleasures, take precedence over it. It absorbs time and strength, and in some cases ill spared money. Women of intelligence, education and opportunity waste hours upon it.

Card playing is dismissed by many as harmless amusement. Society bridge isn't harmless. In this excessive form it is a serious vice. The New York Medical Journal recently has called card playing a "pure and simple mental dissipation which grows upon the victim like all other dissipations, to the eventual exclusion of logical and close thinking." The writer considers occasional card play to be a valuable distraction for the elderly, but adds:

The legend which attributes the invention of playing cards to the necessity for amusing a mad king of France possesses verisimilitude. Appealing primarily to the unbalanced mind, they soon reduce that of a better quality to the same level. They are comparable in every way to the habit forming drugs and lead surely to the neglect of every sane and healthy amusement, to say nothing of business and professional duties.

Skill counts for only 3 per cent in even the most scientific of card games; much less in the popular gambling forms.

If an American woman in the twentieth century, possessed of leisure and literacy, devotes hour after hour, day after day, playing bridge, she is either the victim of a vicious habit and needs a cure, or has a poverty stricken conception of life.

The Church and Life

The church faces an almost life or death problem. That problem briefly is the problem of readjustment. The world has grown new within a quarter of a century. New problems, social, industrial, educational and spiritual, are all fearfully freighted with moral weal or woe for humanity. As ships reef sails for storms, adjust themselves to varying winds, nearly all institutions have readjusted themselves to the new conditions. The church almost alone lags behind. Here and there an individual church or movement fits itself in a way for the new tasks. Generally speaking the church is a laggard. It marches at best in the rear of progress when the importance of its mission ought to set it in the van. Caught in the swirl of certain theological and sentimental conceptions about the sanctity and the other-worldness of religion, the church drifts or stands baffled before the new necessities. Other institutions have swung out on the rapid currents of progress and press continually to new things and achievements.

The church follows, it does not lead. It procrastinates, temporizes, compromises. The most splendid potential and possible moral force in the nation tied to the past with leashes of thought it refuses to break, and with the present a challenge sets its face to antiquity and the past. The fact is, the world has swept past the church. The new fields cannot profitably be broken with old ploughs. This complicated social and ethical life of ours cannot be faced successfully with an antiquated religious philosophy, an outworn motive, and mediaeval machinery.

First then, the church must become a this-world-church. One world at a time and this world first ought to be its motto. The Noah's ark idea of floating a favored few across the sea of life tempestuous, into a future harbor of safety is out of date and counts for little. How to live in this world is the problem which the most of us are battling with. How to make this world a decent place to live in and rear new generations in, that is the pressing problem. Here is the business of the church as I see it.

Second, the church can only become a this-world-church when it faces, studies and knows the forces and facts of this world. Sin and evil are born of many causes. The fall of Adam as an explanation of the presence of sin is not satisfactory. Even his majesty—the devil—is not adequate to account for the world's present sins. Economic conditions, poverty, home surroundings, hours of labor, health, fresh air are all concerned in the present "Fall of Man." Hence the church must face problems of labor, capital, tenements, fresh air, health. None of these are or can be foreign to its program of soul salvation.

Third, it follows that the emphasis of the modern church must be sociological, not theological. Divinity schools need chairs of sociology instead of theology. The modern minister can worry along ignorant of the Trinitarian controversy, but to know how to diagnose social symptoms, to know the vital relations of poverty to sin and crime, this is the need of the modern minister.

Religion then applied directly to life—a dynamic force in all human affairs. For all this there must not only be a radical readjustment of religious thought, searching and far-reaching, but a readjustment of the working machinery. The merely ecclesiastical construction of the church edifice must give place to a sociological architecture. Churches must be built for work as well as worship—where deeds can be wrought as well as creeds taught. Over against the saloon must stand the church with its inviting companionship and with things that please and interest those whom now the saloon alone provides for. Over against the dance-hall hell, and the cheap nickel motion picture show, must stand the open door of the church with its hall for the social dance, its gymnasium, its bowling alleys, its reading rooms, its places for games and social companionship.

The world waits, expectant, for this larger and more aggressive church—a church with a ministry that knows and dares, eager for the truth and careless of personal consequences—great buildings equipped with machinery for saving the bodies as well as the souls of people.

The world needs religion and the church, but it clamors for a reconstructed church and an interpretation of religion that makes it a present world force and an immediate factor in the solution of our present crushing problems and a healer of the moral wounds of the present day.

R. A. WHITE, D. D.

Mrs. Israel Holmes

It is not my custom to preach my Easter sermon on Easter day, nor my Christmas sermon on Christmas day. These days are for the practice of our faith, the exercise of our joys, not the discussion of them. But it is my privilege, as well as duty at this time to direct your thought and memory to the consecrations of the year gone. Sometimes I have ventured to name those of our immediate fellowship who have been translated during the year. This year I will not venture even so far into the sanctities. The names of those who have been promoted from among us into the higher and permanent fellowship are written in the Annual, which today we hand to you, and I ask you to read them in the privacy and leisure of your own home.

But since that list was printed we have lost at least one "Mother in Israel" whose name ought to be mentioned at Easter time and be embowered in the beauty and glory of this Easter hour.

On my way southward in my recent escape from Chicago weather, I spent a day in Washington to see some of our friends, and I found Mrs. Israel Holmes on her sick bed, a bed on which she and I, and all, knew, the last sands in life's hour-glass were running out. With her characteristic serenity, courteousness and smiling brightness she said: "Oh, I hope I won't go until you get back home. I want you to say the word for me." But she did go, and two days before I returned the "word" was spoken by another. It would have been a great privilege to have stood by her casket as I did by that of her husband nearly twenty-seven years ago. For I could have borne testimony as no one of those who loved her could, to the vitality of her faith, the generosity of her heart and the loyalty of her spirit, that was so stalwart yet gentle, so courteous and yet so decided. She was the most tireless of missionaries but a most gracious laborer in the vineyard.

Mrs. Holmes knew and practiced the accomplishments of the drawing-room, but she also knew and practiced the adventurous spirit of the missionary, the heroism of the martyrs. She has been with us and of us from the beginning. Way back in the early days of the little hall on Vincennes Avenue, Mrs. Holmes was our missionary extraordinary. She challenged friend and stranger, button-holed her neighbors in the interest of All Souls Church, but always said her word in such a way that each felt that they had been specially privileged to commune with such a refined and gifted soul. How anxious she was that the stranger in our midst should be made welcome and that the hospitalities of our faith should be practiced! How prompt, discriminating and free was her support so far as strength and means permitted.

These many years now she has been burdened with the gracious infirmities of a blessed old age. By reason of her virtues, her graces, her prudence, she realized eighty-three years of self-denial, self-consecration and devout love. Fond of art and of music, versed in the lore that comes from traveling far and wide, her home and heart fellowship of spirit remained always with us, and though absent in body she was always consciously felt as present in spirit.

How intimate was her acquaintance and vigilant her sympathy with every detail of my work! How she kept up with our monthly Bulletins, our Annual and UNITY, which was to her a weekly and most welcome visitor from home, no one can know as well as I, and her failing eyesight brought no bereavement more keen than the inability to peruse the pages of this weekly messenger, and no friend could render more acceptable favor than the one that would read or tell of the church life, the triumph of conference, congress, banquet or annual meeting. She had a rare capacity for friendship that amounted to genius.

Having been denied the privilege of speaking this word beside the casket from which the spirit had flown, I take pleasure in bearing this testimony in this presence, sure that those of you who knew her, all of whom were her lovers, will be glad that I have said what I have, and regret that circumstances did not permit its having been said more worthily, more fully and at the right time.

From the Easter address of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, All Souls Church. April 7, 1912.

Nicholas Paine Gilman

Minute on the death of Professor Nicholas Paine Gilman, offered by the Committee on Instruction of the Board of Trustees of the Meadville Theological School, for adoption by the Board at its regular meeting on Monday, April 1, 1912.

The Board of Trustees of the Meadville Theological School would place on record its appreciation of the large service rendered by the late Professor Nicholas Paine Gilman in his seventeen years' tenure of the Hackley Professorship of Sociology and Ethics.

Coming to the school from an ample experience as preacher and editor, Professor Gilman gave increased weight to the faculty and prestige to the institution. He was a learned and discriminating student of ethics and economics, especially as interrelated and as bearing on the practical conduct of life. To his wide knowledge he added a conspicuously firm and well-balanced judgment. His published writings show a masterly grasp of the vexed problems of capital and labor and of social organization, and contribute light and sanity to their discussion. In the class-room, his influence made for sobriety and caution in dealing with complex matters of human welfare on which hasty generalization, with sweeping praise or condemnation, is both easy and popular.

Facing resolutely forward, and exemplifying in himself the "animated moderation" in which he believed, Professor Gilman has established for the chair of Sociology and Ethics, which he was the first to occupy, a tradition of ability and integrity that his successors may well strive to emulate.

RICHARD W. BOYNTON.
L. WALTER MASON.
MINOT SIMONS.

The Citizen and the Soldier

By J. N. Larned.

We are ever commanded to remember in America, in the presence of the problems of war and peace, that, in the order of the duties of our democratic citizenship, the duty of the civilian goes before that of the soldier and makes his tasks for him. It is the ballot that gives him the mandate to the sword. It is the unarmed citizen who carries in his hand the guantlet of war, and who flings it down, if it is flung down at all. It is the million-voting army in which we march that opens battles, and then leaves them to be fought by the braver army which has taken that hard duty to itself. Is there a crime, then, in God's statute-book that is fouler than ours if we suffer any shallow and frothy vanity, any bullying pride in our national bigness, any flash of a thoughtless temper, or anything less than a solemn and deep conviction of inevitable need, to carry us into political courses that have their issues in war?

To the soldier himself, our servant, let the fullest justice be ever given. We, in the civic ranks, are apt to think well of ourselves when we perform the safe and easy duties of citizenship in civil life with decent faithfulness. If we give some thought to public questions, some scrutiny to the conduct of public affairs, take some care in the forming of our political opinions and in the casting of our votes, give a few evenings in the year to public business, we are quite disposed, I think, to feel a comfortable pride in ourselves as "good citizens." But put a lifetime of such duty as that, scarcely costing a night's sleep or a dinner, into comparison with one hour in the storm of Mauser bullets; and then we see how high above our power to pay is the tribute of honor we owe to the bearers of the nation's sword in the hour of the nation's danger.

For the true citizen-soldier is inspired by no eagerness for war. It is one thing to be borne through the carnage of battle by wild passions or mad ambitions; it is quite another thing to go to it with the calm courage of the soldier-citizen, who finds among the duties of his citizenship a call to face death and danger, and who obeys it as he obeys any other. That is the courage that rises to a great, heroic height; and the sense of duty from which it springs is the sole incentive that the American soldier can reasonably feel. There is nothing in the history of his country to inflame him with a berserker rage against men of another race; there is nothing in the national character to encourage Napoleonic aspirations in his soul; there is nothing that he can reasonably wish or hope to do, except to serve his country in her hour of need. His duty will have been made more sacred to him by the pledge of his country that he shall never suffer vainly, that he shall never vainly give up his life; by the assurance, which it is ours to give, that he shall never be commanded to any war save for a righteous cause.

Sometimes it may needs be that offences come which have no remedy but war. It is against the day of such offences that our citizen-soldiers bear arms and are ready. It is for nothing less that they have given us a right to lay the fearful cost of war upon them. No plainer truths than those have been written in the conscience and intelligence of man. Yet how clamorously we are beset with persuasions and temptations to forget them! There are three influences working dangerously in this country to that effect. They come from newspapers that would sell a thousand lives, if they could, for a shrieking headline, or a hideous picture, or a startling newsboy's cry on the street; from ministers of a class who look for the Gospel of Christ in the Jewish war-histories of the Old Testament; from senators and congressmen of a class who listen to the talk of bar-rooms and take it for the public opinion of the country. I fear the delusive, sham patriotism and sham religion that they hold up to us. Delusion in these matters is so easy! It is so easy to glove the claw of Greed and make it seem like the hand of Destiny, reaching out over the earth to possessions that have a covetable look! It is so easy to see the "finger of God" pointing us to a "national mission" in lands that have accepted some other religion than our own. It is so easy to read "God's purpose" into a purely human ambition and selfish desire! Oh, let us distrust the teachers who assume to have been taken into the counsels of the Almighty! It is not by the mouths of such men, nor of any man, that He makes his revelations to us. If His will and His purpose concerning us are written anywhere for our reading, they are written in the history of His past dealings with us and if His finger points to anything in that history with a plain meaning that we can understand, it points to the gift that He made to us of a virgin continent, on which to work out a grand experiment of self-government for mankind, clear and exempt from all the old-world tangles of feudal and military growth. If He has commissioned and commanded us to anything that we can know, it is to make good the opportunities of the clean and separate place on the earth in which he set us down to that experiment. It is to build this Republic great and high, and to perfect it from base to pinnacle, as a model to the nations, of freedom, of justice, of honesty, of honor, of order. It is to make its people missionaries, not by preaching, but by example of Christian righteousness and peace. We are safe from mistake if we accept that mission; and there is room in it for every power we can find in ourselves and every resource we can find in the land.

If He could doubt on His triumphant cross,
How much more I, in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be?
My God, my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?

—*W. D. Howells.*

The Cut-Leaf Hymn Book.

The new "Unity Hymns and Chorals," like the old, is a *cut-leaf* hymn book; that is to say, between the tunes printed on the upper part of a page and the hymns on the lower part, the page is cut through to the binding. The plan is unusual, and it gives a somewhat less handsome page on the inside of the book. But it has three great advantages: (1) It allows perfect arrangement of the hymns in groups and sequences according to subject, wholly uncontrolled by tunes over them; while the tunes themselves can be arranged alphabetically, so that they can be found on the instant without consulting an index. (2) It gives perfect command of all the music; for any desired tune can be brought over any hymn on any open page. And (3) it makes possible a smaller book and a lower price.

Compare the "Unity" book in these respects with three well-known, and well-loved Unitarian hymn-books, nearest in size to itself. The only other way of securing those two ideals, perfect arrangement of hymns and perfect mating of hymns and tunes, is the strictly monogamous way of one hymn to one tune on a page. "Hymns of the Ages" for instance, a noble hymn-book, is made on this plan: it has only 207 separate tunes, but it prints forty of these tunes twice, twenty-three thrice, five four times, two five times, and two six times,—in all 119 reprints; so it gives 326 tunes for its 316 hymns. Reprinting is its substitute for the cut-leaf. But it is a very costly substitute; and the plan confines each hymn to its single tune, unless an alternative tune is expressly printed,—"Hymns of the Ages" provides one in ten cases; and while the stately quiet of the one exclusive hymn may be a delight, to some minds it is less delight than the beauty which breaks on the eye from a harmonized cluster of hymns on a page, each hymn by itself a thing of grace and desire. Perhaps one may value this beauty of half-felt sequences too highly; but it has much to do with the charm of a hymn-book,—that which makes it a book of the heart, not merely a book of the church.

"Church and Home" (abridged edition), with 280 tunes (fourteen of them reprints) to 513 hymns, is a skilful and happy compromise between the two ideals; but still a compromise which involves many evident failures from the first of the two (the hymn-order), if not from the second (the hymn-and-tune mating). With due reverence for the music-editing, one may suppose from the nature of the case that, with only fourteen repeats, the matings must sometimes be forced, or made with sacrifice to the god of Variety.

"Amore Dei" (revised edition), with 263 tunes (27 of them reprints) to 396 hymns, in the interest of its beautiful music, frankly abandons any attempt at topical arrangement of hymns, and mixes all kinds together in a glorious chaos.

Now the little "Unity" book, as its preface states, was made for the singing congregation rather than the choir, and with the small and financially weak church in mind rather than the large and the rich,—though the editors are willing to have a few of the latter sort use it! Small size, low cost, and tunes for the most part familiar and loved, seemed therefore essential. As for size, the editors thought, as did others consulted, that 115 tunes and 335 hymns were really ample supply for nearly every congregational need. Accepting, then, these fixed conditions, they aimed to combine with them all that high quality in hymn and in tune, all that convenience and grace in arrangement, could give, with as much outward beauty as possible. The cut-leaf solves five-sixths of the entire problem, and it solves the two most important parts of it perfectly. I see as yet but one change I would make in the book: wider margins might have been left at the top of the hymn-page under the cut and at the side next the binding, and this might have saved a little of the "dignity" that escapes at the cut. In another edition the width can be given at the side; but perhaps not at the top, as the plates are cast, hymns and tunes, in one piece. Of course, instead of the cloth, leather covers and red edges can be provided for the King's Chapel order.

It is all a question of relative values,—of a less dignified page, if it be that, as against the combined advantages named. None of the objections raised to the cut-leaf are without point, though they seem to be felt and urged much more by those who have not used the old book than by those who have used it; and the inference would be that either they are slight, or else the advantages great. The hunt for two pages, first the hymn and then the music, does take from five to ten seconds longer. The two parts of the leaf do not lie very flatly and smoothly together at first, and if the church is properly ventilated, the music part may now and then try to blow over,—but how few churches are! As for strength, there are three stitches in the music part of the page, and seven in the hymn-part, and this ought to give strength enough. My own home-copy of the old book, which has had far more than the common church-use and abuse, has lasted nearly twenty-three years, though now its days are in the sear and yellow, as well as the cut, leaf. The device, by the way, is not the invention of the editors of the "Unity" book, as some have supposed,—they borrowed it; it had been used before in American hymn-books and also abroad.

But more than one friend of the book, who fears these objections and laments the look of the cut-leaf page, asks, "Why not an alternative edition with uncut leaf?" May I answer that question here for others beside them? One such friend writes, "I would by no means sacrifice the order of the hymns; that order is an integral part of the beauty and effectiveness of the collection," and seems to think that to alter the order of tunes alone might have the desired effect. Another sees that the order of hymns as well as of tunes would have to be changed. But I wonder if either realizes what a large percentage of hymns, in a book with only 115 tunes to 335 hymns, would be inevitably left without overhead tunes on an uncut page, even if chaos were made of the hymn-order to secure mating. The heart of the difficulty lies in the small proportion of tunes to hymns,—the very condition that is essential to a small book and low price. To explain: There are three hymns set to "Nicæa" in the book (1, 4, and 23), and these might be shifted and brought together

on one double page under that tune. These happen to be the only "Nicæans" in the book, and all three happen to fall in the first subject-group; but this last *happen* is a rare, if not a unique, exception. Suppose there were fifteen "Nicæans," scattered by subjects all over the book: what would become, so far as tune-mates are concerned, of the other twelve? At best, but one or two more could go on that double page, which would still leave ten or eleven out in the cold; besides predestining whatever hymns belong with the second tune on that double page to mateless existence forever! Now, in our book there are many tunes which are thus called for by hymns scattered all through its eight subject-groups. "Serenity" is wanted by nineteen hymns—twelve times as a first choice, six times as a second, once as a third; and the numbers reveal their wide distribution (43, 139, 141, 143, 161, 175, 183, 206, 207, 212, 221, 235, 266, 286, 303, 313, 320, 321). "Azmon" is wanted seventeen times; "St. Agnes" and "Manoah," fifteen times each; "Truro," "Noyes," Rochester," "Mornington," "Hursley," "Coniston," "Duke Street," "Beatitudo," "Rockingham," "Solitude," fourteen to ten times each; and so on. There are some forty tunes serving only five, four or three hymns apiece, but these hymns also often lie widely apart in the book. Then there are thirteen tunes serving but two hymns, and thirteen others serving but one; and beneath these twenty-six tunes, in order to fill out the pages, there would necessarily stand many other hymns alien, lonely, dismated. Even if the hymn-order were utterly sacrificed, then, the mating would still be, and unavoidably be, most unsatisfactory. Could a book so inconvenient for singing expect welcome in churches, however much the hymns or the tunes by themselves might be loved? In other words, *is* an uncut-leaf edition of "Unity Hymns and Chorals" a desirable thing?

It is all a question of relative values. Find the advertisement of the book on the front page of this paper, and send for a copy. Read its preface,—it tells the principles of its making. Look over the hymns, the tunes, the opening services, the choral responses, the thanksgivings, the prayers. Dislike the cut-leaf as much as you can, but weigh "the relative values." Then, if your church is considering the choice of a new hymn-book, show it to the committee and say what you think of it. The order will be promptly attended to at Unity office. W. C. G.

PINE-TREE BUOY.

Where all the winds were tranquil,
And all the odors sweet,
And rings of tumbling upland
Sloped down to kiss your feet:

There, in a nest of verdure,
You grew from bud to bough;
You heard the song at mid-day,—
At eve the plighted vow.

But fate that gives a guerdon
Takes back a double fee:
She hewed you from your homestead
And set you in the sea.

And every bowling billow
Bends down your barren head
To hearken if the whisper
Of what you knew is dead.

—*Harrison Smith Morris.*

"The Lie of the Wild Oats"

The belief is quite general that every youth of stamina "must sow his wild oats." Some go so far as to say that he cannot amount to anything unless he does sow more or less of them. Many women have been heard to say that penitent *roues* make the best husbands, not recognizing the fact that where one man is strong enough to overcome his evil experiences, a hundred are wrecked, morally and physically.

That the average young man sows more or less wild oats is indisputable. That the more substantial and manly men are often the ones who have paid particular attention to their sowing is true. That some men who never sowed any were not much to begin with is also true. If fear, or lack of animality, had not been more prominent in such men than in their erring brothers, they would have joined their ranks. That some "goody goody" young men, who never have been tempted, fall into evil ways later in life cannot be denied. That penitents often make good husbands is a matter of common observation; whether they have been scared into good behavior or have simply matured in judgment, matters not. On the other hand, many young men who might have been ornaments to society have been ruined for life by wild oat sowing. That any youth is better for wild oat sowing, save where its terrible results bring a naturally weak and vacillating character to his senses through mental shock, is false. "Boys will be boys," they say. Yes, and dogs will be dogs; but this does not lessen the deadliness of hydrophobia. The wild oats doctrine was probably invented by some fake social philosopher, who had sins of his own to apologize for and no diseases acquired by early indiscretions to modify his opinions.

Almost every boy at some time in his life is taught by his elders the Lie of the Wild Oats. His father and grandfather learned it before him and followed where it led. The man who escapes its dangers does so by great good luck, or by virtue of a strong organization, moral, mental and physical that nothing can shake. That any man who sows can altogether escape reaping is a fallacy. Physical, mental or moral scars remain, and while the world may be satisfied with him, he is never satisfied with himself. Man's sexual lapses in after-life are often due to his chasing some mental will-o'-the-wisp; some youthful experience which, like the circus of his boyhood, seems ideal.

Impressions made upon the highly sensitive sexual brain centers of youth at a period when the emotional organization is especially impressionable leave a memory that overshadows all its future life as a false ideal—an ideal which is merely a reflex from a mental scar that will never fade nor become dulled in sensitiveness so long as physical sexual capacity remains unimpaired.

Should youth be exposed to debauchery to strengthen it? Most emphatically, no! If youth were protected from wild oats influences until its judgment was mature, there would not be so many brands to be plucked from the burning. For the

benefit of those who accept the "wild oats" conception of the male ideal, here are a few pictures that are only too familiar:

Picture 1. A certain health resort—the sinkhole into which a large part of the immorality, crime and disease of America is dumped—there are a hundred thousand visitors annually. Of these, a large proportion go there to harvest their "wild oats" crop." He who visits one of the government "rale holes" can best appreciate the harvest of the "wild oats."

Picture 2. A hospital. Here is a group of locomotor ataxics; there is a group of deformed children; yonder, a girl in her teens is nursing a child who will never know its father. More "wild oats."

Picture 3. An asylum. Here is a case of general paresis; there a melancholiac; in the next room a maniac can be heard shrieking. "Wild oats" aplenty.

Picture 4. A police court, full of drunks, criminals and bums. "Wild oats" again.

Picture 5. A jail. Here are "wild oats" of the striped, short-haired variety in abundance.

Picture 6. A foundling asylum full of children cursed by society before they were born as "bastards." Poor little "wild oats."

Picture 7. A doctor's office, full of anxious men and still more anxious women, who do not gossip much about their ailments, even among their intimates, save where the women are told by the doctor a pretty, little fairy tale for home use. "Wild oats" growing in the dark.

Picture 8. A brothel. Around the "reception" room sits a collection of poor female creatures, many of whom were originally sacrificed in aiding youth to sow its "wild oats." These women are now getting poetic revenge, as the doctor knows.

Picture 9. A beautiful girl is found dead in the river one fine morning. What is she doing there? Washing the "wild oats" out of her life.

Picture 10. A pistol shot rings out in a gambling hell—a man falls dead. The gun was loaded with "wild oats."

Picture 11. A defaulting bank cashier flees to Canada: he is looking for a market for his "wild oats."

Picture 12. A series of deserted babies are found in the snow. Who planted them there? Sowers of "wild oats."

Picture 13. A wife, surrounded by her cold and hungry children is sitting weeping—eating her heart out. The husband and father is on a drunk; he has whipped her, is in jail, or has deserted her. "Wild oats" make broken hearts; they are poor food for babies; they do not buy coal, nor cover nakedness.

We doctors know the wild oats crop under numerous terms. Crime, inebriety, syphilis, paresis, locomotor ataxia and gonorrhea are chief among them. What the consultation room does not tell us the operating table does. Youths would better look at the specimens of disease taken by the surgeon from innocent wives, and see how they tally with the "wild oats" of some husband's youth before they begin sowing their own.

There are thousands of syphilitics in every large city in the world. Add to these the other wild oats' products crime, pauperism, prostitution, inebriety and insanity—all the conditions of degeneracy—and we can never offset the frightful record with an occasional brand plucked from the burning or with the "burnt child who dreads the fire."

The Lie of the Wild Oats is based upon the misapplication of the theory of a separate standard for men and women. The young man may sow his wild oats, but the young woman must not. The sowing of the wild oats by the one, however, necessitates the co-operation of the other. What made the thousands of prostitutes in every great city? What supports them? What keeps the supply equal to the demand? Largely "wild oats." Wherever immorality, vice, disease, crime, drunkenness and insanity most thrive, there, if we dig down to the very root of these evils, we find "wild oats" the thickest.

The maimed gray-beards who learned the wild oats lie from society's primer are usually willing to confess that the 'wild oats" of yesterday are watered with the tears of today. The vicious roots of the "wild oats" of youth often lie deep in the ashes of manhood's and womanhood's despair. The crop is garnered with the sickle of regret and threshed with the flail of disease and pain.—*From "Sex Hygiene," by J. Frank Lydston, M. D. See editorial, page* 83.

A Woman's Brain-strain at the Polls

Before the women won their "rights" in California, some mean men said they hadn't brains enough to vote. For—even were they to absorb the political questions of the time—they never could manage, on that day of all days, to "walk orderly in line, to refrain from asking a few-score foolish questions, and generally to keep the peace." All these things, it was explained, took brains of the highest sort. So when Lizette Edholm arose early on the morning of her redemption (she was the first woman at the polls in Los Angeles), and escorted by a husband proudly entered the public booth, it was, she tells us in *Leslie's Weekly,* "with feelings of fear and veneration." But at once, she says:

I mentally shook myself and said, "One thing at a time. All you have to do now is to write your name in this register. No brain-work required in that, at all." So I wrote it, arose, and moved along the table. The next man was writing in a book. I glanced over and saw my own name written down. so I repeated it and gave my number, which I had secured on the "Index of Female Voters" outside; whereupon the next man passed me a ballot, and the last in line showed me into a booth.

A blest curtain hid me and I was able to compose myself somewhat. I filled in my ballot. I had studied the political issues and had no doubt about the candidates I wished to vote for and how I shoud mark the ordinances. I read every word on the ballot, carefully placing the rubber stamp as nearly centered in the squares as possible, and left a clean, clear X in

the very spot I wished it to go. Wonderful! The ballot was filled in, folded, and ready to return to one of the men outside. Just as easy as could be! But there must be something more! I had been too independent to ask any man where the really intricate part of voting came in.

As I had been given to understand that it took brains to vote, I began to have an awful suspicion that, as soon as I came out from behind that sheltered place, those six men would begin to question me. What would it be? History? Geography? What? There must be something, surely! Again I was weak from nervousness.

I remembered *some* history from my school-days, so I quieted my troubled spirit by repeating, "Columbus discovered America, 1942—oh, mercy, no!—1492. That is right, I am sure. Now, is there anything else important in American history? Oh, yes, indeed! They dumped the English tea into Boston harbor in—in—" But the date—it was gone; and all the important characters, Washington, Lincoln, Major Archibald Butt, seemed to become the local candidates, and I wondered how I would vote if Lincoln and Washington were opposing candidates for mayor.

Well, there was no use standing there, hidden by a curtain, when I should be outside answering questions. So I braced up, threw back the canvas, and once more stood revealed to the inquisitors. Would they be kind and make the questions easy? It's quite a few years since I have been at school, and history dates do play hide-and-seek in one's brain, even in school-days. I heard myself, as if I were another person, giving my name and voting number. The man who took my ballot called the ballot-number and dropt the folded slip into the box and said, "That's all."

I was relieved as I walked to the door, yet indignant. Huh! maybe he thought it wasn't any use to ask me history questions. Indeed! Well, I guess I knew a few! Then I remembered my school-days again—how, when I had gone without a well-prepared lesson, I would look, oh! so wise, and the teacher passed me by, preferring to swoop down upon the unprepared-looking pupil, who probably answered the question that I would have stumbled upon. Perhaps I had been looking knowingly around and they had let me go.

Anyway, it was over and I was out in the sunshine. My husband was nowhere to be seen and had been invisible all the time. I waited one, two, three, four minutes, then saw him coming out of a booth. He held his ballot out, and I got up close to the door to watch the fun, for he looked really bored, as he always is when he has to vote or have his hair cut. They would surely question him closely, for he truly looked stupid, and I was sure he didn't know his history dates any better than I did. But, no! not a single question! I felt cheated.

"What kept you so long?" I asked, feeling that there was something being withheld from me, and I wanted woman's rights to the full extent.

"How did you get through so quickly? Did you vote the full ticket?" he asked, as if he were not sure that I was capable of such a feat.

"They've bluffed us!" was the only thing I could think of as I walked toward home, for I had voted in a very few minutes, without any great mental strain.

I hurried, for I knew that there was a pile of clothes waiting to be sorted, counted and bundled up for the laundry. Cuffs and collars were to be examined, so that frayed ones would be discarded. Then the dinner was to be prepared and a hundred and one little things to do, all of them more complex than the marking of a ballot, which is supposed to demand great intellect. —*Literary Digest.*

LAND OF HOPE

Many the lands that the true-hearted honor,
Many the banners that blow on the sea;
Ah, but one only—God's blessing upon her!—
Must be forever the fairest to me;
Dear for her mountains, rock-based, cloudy-crested,
Hooded with snow in the ardors of June,
Haunts where the bald-headed eagle has nested,
Staring full hard on his neighbor, the moon;
Dear for her vineyards and jessamine gardens,
Forests of fir where the winter awakes;
Dear for her oceans, her twin gray wardens;
Dear for her girdle of amethyst lakes;
Dear for the song of the wind when it crosses
Sunshiny prairies aripple with wheat;
Nay, I could kiss but the least of her mosses,
Sweet as the touch of a mother is sweet.

Silver and gold that the eons had hidden
For the pleasure of man ere his likeness arose;
Coal in whose blackness the flame lay forbidden—
Let not her treasure be counted by those.
Richer she deemeth her heirdom of labor,
Her heraldry blazoned in chisel and saw,
Tradition of councils where neighbor with neighbor
Foregathered to fashion the settlement law.
Peace to the homespun, the heroes who wore it,
Whose patriot passion in stormy career
Swept back the redcoats seaward before it,
Like wind-driven leaves in the wane of the year.
Peace be to all who have suffered or striven,
Fought for her, thought for her, wrought for her till
She hath grown great with the life they have given,
She must be noble their faith to fulfill.

Tell me not now of the blots that bestain her
Beautiful vestments, that sully the white.
Tho' today hath the wrong been gainer,
Tomorrow's victory crowns the right.
Still through error and shame and censure
She urges onward with straining breast,
For her face is set to the great adventure,
Her feet are vowed to the utmost quest.
Bright is the star, tho' the mists may dim her:
Mists are fleeting, but stars endure;
Yet, ah, yet shall the golden glimmer
Wax to a splendor superb and pure.
To her shall our prayer be as pulsing pinions;
A winged sphere she shall soar above
Greed of gain, and of forced dominions
To the upper heaven whose law is love.

Land of Hope, be it thine to fashion
In joy and beauty the toiler's day;
Wear on thine heart the white rose of compassion;
Show to the world a more gracious way.
Still by the need of that seed of the nation,
Cavaliers leaping with laughter to land,
Puritans kneeling in stern consecration,
Parent by child, on their desolate strand,
—Still by the stress of those seekers storm-driven,
Glad in strange waters their vessels to moor,
Open thy gates, O thou favored of Heaven,
Open thy gates to the homeless and poor;
So shalt thou garner the gifts of the ages,
From the Norlands their vigor, the South their grace,
In a mystical blending of souls that presages
The birth of earth's rarest, undreamable race.

—*Katherine Lee Bates.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

ONE WOMAN'S WORK

Equal-Suffrage advocates will find some pretty good arguments for woman's ability in the career of Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden. Twenty-five years ago she was a tent-maker in Colorado. Later she became superintendent of a tent-factory, and afterwards a teacher of unruly boys. From that position she came to New York, and since her arrival in the metropolis she has been a choir singer, linguist, lecturer on geology, United States customs-inspector, interpreter for the Department of Immigration, secretary of the Street Cleaning Commissioner, editorial writer, author of numerous books, magazine-writer, and head of the International Sunshine Society. The story is briefly told in the New York *Evening Post*, which says:

As a detail of the work with the Street Cleaning Commissioner, she often managed 2,000 laborers a day, and it was while serving in her capacity as secretary to the Commissioner that once, when the captain of tugs and scows was ill for a week, she did his work in addition to her own. Back in 1890 she was known as "the poor man's friend," because of her interest in the street-cleaners, to whom she could speak in their own language, whatever it chanced to be.

From government positions she turned to literature, and wrote editorials on the silver question for a weekly, also a series of scientific articles. She wrote books, too, and by and by went into journalism. For several years she was editor of the woman's department of the dead-and-gone New York *Recorder*, and she has served other dailies. Her full name is Cynthia Westover Alden, and she is not only one of the oldest newspaper women in the city, but one of the few who has received the degree of M. A.

It was in a Western mining-camp that she got much of her equipment for her numerous undertakings, for there in her girlhood she learned to rely on herself. She learned to ride like an Indian and to shoot a rifle and a bow and arrow, as well as to handle a lasso like a cowboy. Of Mrs. Alden's work in behalf of blind babies, to turn from one extreme to another, The Evening Post says:

In 1896 Mrs. Alden founded the International Sunshine Society, the fee for which is one act each year that will do somebody besides yourself a little good. The society has established the International Sunshine Sanitarium at Bensonhurst-by-the-Sea, Brooklyn, accommodating fifty guests, and valued at $100,000. There are Society branches in about every State in the Union, as well as affiliations abroad. Besides the Brooklyn establishment there are various Sunshine "rests" and "lodges" in other localities. One hundred thousand members answer to the roll-call.

It was not, however, until "the work" became definitely associated with blind babies that Mrs. Alden found out what she really could do. Then it was apparent that her divergent activities had not been unrelated bits of living and making a living, but all parts of a woman's effort to get through to that layer of unused capacity that psychologists have liked to plague a lazy world about just when it was thinking that it was doing its best and that its best was plenty good enough.

Her reason for getting interested in blind children seems to have been because the work with the blind is hard work, and nobody else was especially interested in it—at least, along the line that she followed from the day a blind baby was carried into her office and the responsibility of finding a home for it was thrust upon her. Finding a home for it developed into a serious proposition. The city did not recognize a blind baby as a possibility. According to the city's scheme for the relief of the dependent blind, they had to be born eight years old. After that age they could enter the city's school. Under that age there was not a vestige of provision made for them, unless dumping them in with the idiots and feeble-minded children on Randall's Island could be called a vestige.

Mrs. Alden borrowed six blind babies from Randall's Island and experimented with them for a season. When the children were recalled to the island, she went to the Mayor and told him that she had six blind babies outside and she was going to hit them in the head with something heavy and drop them over Brooklyn Bridge. Would he stand by her? At least he was startled into listening, and, having listened, he promised help in bringing about some provision for dependent blind babies. But a blind baby was a new idea in official circles—one city officer maintained that he had never seen one and never heard of one, and was told in return that he never would either if he sat there at his desk instead of getting up and looking about. It took time to get action. However, after four years a bill was passed and signed, appropriating funds for the care of dependent blind babies.—*The Literary Digest.*

THE "FORWARD MOVEMENT."

As the closing weeks of the eventful campaign of the Men and Religion Movement approaches, the era of the philosopher will begin with his scientific investigation into the "why" of it.

Taken in its entirety it has surpassed the expectations of its greatest friends. The ideal has been exploited and cannot be rubbed out. Years may be necessary before the religious organizations will be prepared to adopt fully the curriculum, but it will be a sad hour for any that stolidly refuse to reconstruct.

The method was unique for the movement based its primary effort upon educational functions rather than inspirational or converting ones. From the very beginning the "institutes" were made the central feature and at least 58,000 men have been in attendance at these sessions as students of better methods.

It was also different in that it proposed, by it auxiliary town plan, to make the whole continent feel the awaking of the central cities. Here again marked success has been reported. From the seventy-five convention cities, deputations have gone out to adjacent towns till about 1,500 local campaigns have been held.

There has also been compelling power in the direct insistent attack upon the peculiar man-and-boy problem—the lack of which has been the point of criticism in a good many such efforts heretofore. With 3,000,000 more women and girls in churches of the country than men and boys, the whole movement voiced this specific masculine call.

Crediting every other element duly, that which has attracted most attention has been the breadth and scope of the message. Religious education has been fully exemplified in the tremendous place given to work for Boys and Bible study. "Missions" as a principle has been set forth with no geographical lines pitting "Home" against "Foreign." The necessity of individual regeneration has never been neglected or omitted, but with equal power the possibilities of community regeneration have been preached as that doctrine was never before declared to any people. The variety of these themes opened at once channels

of interest which could not have been possible if any of them had been taken alone.

Prophecy as to the religious program of the coming years may surely forecast that the gospel which contemplates bringing the individual to a confession of religion will not be based upon a back-handed attack upon the social forces, and likewise the social worker will have less to say of the out-of-date individualists. The home missionary preacher will be less tempted to say there are "heathen enough at home" and therefore we need not take part in tasks in the non-Christian world. In the same measure the apostle of the romance of a world conquest will seem less inclined to belittle the prosaic home tasks as not being big enough to command the attention of strong men. That which the Men and Religion Forward Movement will have perfected, and perhaps that realm in which it will serve, in the greatest way, the coming of the Kingdom is that it has enlarged the curriculum of actual Christian service in which men can engage. Some things are now called Christian work that were hitherto branded as secular. No better summary has been heard throughout the whole year concerning the significance of the movement than one given by a pastor in a southern city when he said that the Movement was that the church now has a definite responsibility for anything that takes place in the town from what is to be found in the tin cans in the alley to the kind of chimes in the tower.

Fred B. Smith in The Survey

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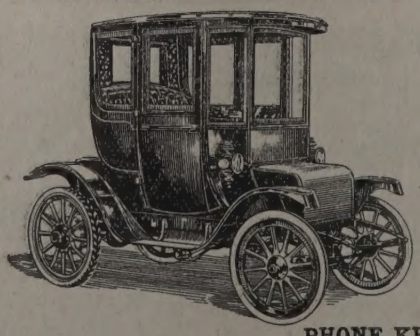

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